

Grandma's Gingerbread by [kathasaurus_rex](#)

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Summary:

It's a lazy Saturday morning, and for the Wheeler children, that means gingerbread.

Grandma's Gingerbread

Author's Note:

Hi! This is for Day 6/Day 2 of the Stranger Things Advent Calendar (Hot Cocoa + Gingerbread). You can find me on Tumblr at: @ghostlykath

It was a lazy Saturday, early morning. Mike was stretched out across the couch, with Holly nuzzled up against him and still half asleep. She was always excited to watch the Saturday morning cartoons with Mike, even if she was still sleepy.

Karen walked down the stairs, tying her robe into place. She stopped in her tracks when she was the two on the couch, watching the television. She smiled softly and walked towards the kitchen, to start the coffee and think about what to make for breakfast.

The sun rose. Mike dozed on the couch, Holly wrapped up in a blanket and fast asleep against his side.

Ted woke next, stumbling down the stairs in search of caffeine. He pressed a kiss to Karen's temple and poured himself a cup of coffee. He wanted to watch the morning news, but he didn't want to wake his two youngest.

Nancy was the last one up, walking downstairs in the Christmas pajama set that had been gifted to her the year before.

Mike jerked awake when she walked in. "Hey," he said, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "Shit, I can't believe I fell asleep."

"Don't let Mom hear you talking like that. You might be in high school now, but she can still wash your mouth out with soap." Nancy walked closer and very carefully pulled Holly up into her embrace, so that Mike could sit up and stretch out his long, gangly limbs. "Also, it's your own fault, you know. You're the one who wakes up at six a.m. to watch cartoons."

Holly shoved her face against Nancy's shoulder and sighed. "Stop

talking so *loud* . I love my Mike and my cartoons.”

“I know, Hols.” Nancy rubbed her back and glanced towards the kitchen. “Smells like Mom’s making biscuits and gravy. You ready?”

“Heck yes,” Mike replied easily, standing and heading towards the smell, Nancy following after him.

“Hey.”

Mike, who was drying dishes, looked over at Nancy. “What?” he asked.

“We should make gingerbread today.”

Mike and Nancy, in the years past, had made gingerbread together every Christmas. It was something special that they shared, and it always happened on a December morning, when they least expected it.

Mike nodded, smiling. “Yeah, we should. Hey, Holly could help us this year. She’s finally kind of old enough to help, yeah?”

“Definitely.”

They finished up the washing and drying of the dishes in good time, and while Nancy began to lay out the ingredients for the gingerbread, Mike went to get Holly from her room.

A few minutes later, Mike was greasing a nine-by-nine inch pan, while Nancy helped Holly measure out the sugar and butter into a large bowl.

“You see, Hols,” Nancy said, “Other families might make gingerbread cookies around the holiday time, but our family makes Grandma’s famous gingerbread recipe, with whipped cream that we make ourselves. Mike and I have each been making it since we were your age, and now we get to share it with you.”

Holly nodded, eyes open wide in wonder as Nancy turned on the

hand mixer, Mike immediately jumping into action to add in the eggs.

The three Wheeler children worked together diligently, and then, the mix was in the pan, and Nancy slid it into the oven.

“And now, we whip ourselves some cream,” Mike said.

Holly, being only five years old, had grown bored of helping. So instead, she sat on the counter and, after Mike finished whipping the whipped cream, she got to lick the spoon.

They shared a large piece of gingerbread with extra whipped cream between the three of them. Karen, pleased at how the gingerbread turned out, made her kids hot chocolate in the snowmen mugs that were only out at that time of year.

“This is so yummy,” Holly said, taking another large bite.

Karen held her mug of coffee and smiled. “Did you have fun making gingerbread with Nancy and Michael, Holly?”

Holly nodded. “I *love* gingerbread, and I *love* my Mike and Nancy.”